

Vassar College Feb. 4, 1866

My Dear Father & Mother

It is a most glorious Sunday morning and it and would accord most harmoniously with my feelings to step in and be with you to-day, but as that cannot be I will do the next best, and that I suppose is to write. I have commenced on half a sheet of paper as I have written to Mary and think it will hold all of my rather scanty ideas. Every thing is much the same as ever, we are getting on swimmingly with our lessons our English Literature Class is splendid, it is just as interesting as can be, Professor Buckham is a very fine teacher, but the worst of it is that we have those horrid Compositions to write, but % it will not do any good to complain about them I suppose. Instead of a sermon an hour and half long, we had one to-day only forty minutes long, I wish Professor Buckham would preach every Sabbath. There is nothing going on here, nothing worth writing about, did you go to Quarterly Meeting I so hope you did Carrie wrote Cousin Hannah last week. How is the Door-yard progressing, has it improved any since our departure, is a a place arranged for Croquet. It has been splendid sleighing here all the week, the weather seems very different here, although it is very cold, it seems much warmer some days when it doesn't thaw even in the middle of the day we have the windows down to the top most all the time, Miss Lambert the unruly member of our parlor likes to have the windows wide open, and some times when she is out we shut them down and open the register and when she comes, my what a time she has, often has to go to her room, she is the only discord in our jolly precincts Laura says it is well there is one good one here to keep us strait, we four girls (without her) make just a gay set.

Sunday evening

Dear Mother

We have just come up from tea and chapel I should like to have been home to tea we always have such dry teas Sunday we had to night bread, snaps and what we call souse, they call it here cheese head but it was not nice Abbie has written so I am not going to I have the headache and am going to bed so as to be up early in the morning Do not worry about camphor for in the first place I have no need for it and in the second place I haven't any to use. I suppose about the time that we are in chapel every morning you are eating breakfast. Has thee any girl yet Give ever so much love to Uncle Mark we heard they were over the river. We imagined you Thursday in Providence you must not show our letters because we do not have anything interesting for other people to read Please give our love to C & Chase the next time you see them and to anyone that may enquire of course we cannot name them every time Now with much love Goodnight

Carrie

[Caroline E. Slade, spec. '65-66,

To Mrs. William S. Slade, Box 3543, Fall River, Mass.

The first part of the letter was written by Abigail L. Slade, spec.

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